

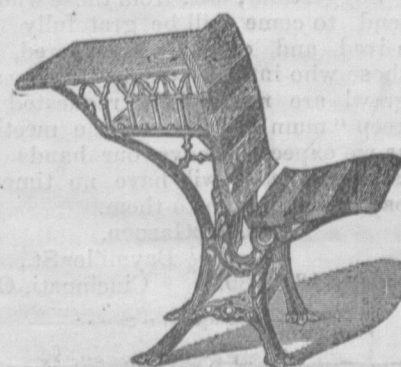
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# The Deaf-Blind's Home.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1880.

NUMBER 21.

## POETRY.

### AN INCIDENT.

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar,  
Gray Moscow's busy street one winter's day.  
The crowd uncovers as his face they see—  
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,  
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe.  
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,  
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,  
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare.  
And he who drew it bent before his load,  
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man:  
"Who is that hearse to the grave?" he said.  
"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply,  
"Only a soldier—dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar:  
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.  
Move on! I follow. Such an one goes not  
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap:  
The Russian, who was poor and brave,  
Following the coffin, as again it went,  
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,  
Looked on that sight, then followed silently:  
Poasant and Prince, and artisan and clerk,  
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,  
Till thousands stood around the friendless  
grave,  
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,  
Honored the poor and brave.

—The Spectator.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE LAST SIXPENCE.

It was a chill, bleak morning in November, that Charles Aubrey emerged from an old shed where he had passed the last part of the night on a pile of sheep skins. He was a young man not over twenty, and yet retained great beauty of person though his clothes were torn and dirty, and his face was pale and haggard. Only one year before he had been left an orphan, with eleven thousand dollars in his possession. He had always been a generous-hearted, frank and loving companion, but evil associations had gathered about him, and in an unfortunate hour he gave himself up to their influence. He thought not of the value of money, and designing knaves, under guise of friendship could always draw it from him. But the poor misguided youth had run the race and now was alone. His sunshine companions had left him. He had reached the goal towards which for a whole year he had been dashing on.

As young Aubrey stood there now, his lips were parched, and his limbs shook as though with palsy. He mechanically placed his hand in his pocket, and took therefrom a sixpence. He searched further—but he could find no more. The single sixpence was the last of his fortune. "Ah, Charles, Charles," he murmured to himself, "you have run your race—where are the friends who have so long hung about you? One poor sixpence. It will buy me a glass of grog to allay my burning thirst. O, would to God it would buy me one true friend!"

He spoke thus and with the words came rushing through his mind the memory of the past. He remembered his mother, as she held him for the last time to her bosom and blessed him, and he remembered when he saw them cover her body up in the warm flowery earth of summer not many years ago. He remembered his kind father and how that father loved him and blessed him with his last breath. And he remembered one other, a bright-eyed joyous girl in whose keeping he had once placed his love, and all his hopes and joy. But it was gone now! Thus he stood with the small coin in his hand, when he heard footsteps approaching. He raised his eyes and beheld an old woman, with bending back, who came tottering up slowly and tremblingly. Her garments were torn and tattered, and the thin gray hair hung matted and uncombed. She stopped when she came to where the youth stood and leaned heavily upon her staff.

"Charity, good sir," she uttered in a hoarse, tremulous voice. "Give me wherewith to purchase a single meal, and I will ask God to bless thee."

"By my life, good woman, you are the very one I was wishing for. Here—it is all I have—it is my last sixpence! Take it. I have only wished that it could buy me one true friend." The old woman hesitated. "Will you take it?" asked Charles, earnestly. "Take it so that I may feel that I have one friend."

"I need it, sir," the old woman said, "but I dare not take it from you, for you would not profit by my friendship."

"Yes, I would. It would send a ray of sunshine through my soul to know that one human being blessed me."

"But then what good would come of that while you continue to curse yourself?"

The youth started but spoke not. "And you would have me for a friend, will you listen to me as a friend?"

"Listen! Yes!"  
"Then let this be your lowest vale of life," said the old woman with staid solemnity; "turn now, and go up hill. Go up, up until you have reached the sunshine again. I knew your mother, Charles Aubrey, and I remember well how kind she was. O, did she ever think her well-beloved son would sink so low?"  
"Stop, stop!" groaned the unhappy youth. "Oh, who will give me the first lift to regain all I have lost?"  
"I will."

"You! Who are you? You say you know my mother. Who are you?"

"Never mind; suffice it for you to know that I have suffered as much as you ever did; I know what it is to suffer. I say I can give you the first lift. I mean by that I can show you the way. Follow my counsel, and you may recover all you have lost."

"No, no, not all. There is one loss I can never make up," and as he spoke he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Let not such feeling be with you now. First resolve that you will turn from the evil that has brought you down. You know what it is as well as I do. Can you do this?"

"Aye, I had done it ere you came up."

"Then take the next step. Go and make a friend who will help you further. Go to Amos Williams, and—"

"No, no! not there! O, not there!" interrupted Charles.

"Go to his store and freely confess to him your faults," resumed the woman, without seeming to notice the interruption. "Tell him all, and then ask him to trust you once more!"

"No, I dare not go to him."

"But, listen; I heard Mr. Williams say with his own lips, that he would help you if he could, and that he would give you his hand if you would only help yourself."

"Did he say that?" uttered Charles eagerly.

"He did. And now, Charles Aubrey, be assured that you have not lost everything. Let people know that you mean to arise and be a man, and all whose friendship is worth having, will give you their hands. Go to Amos Williams first."

"I will go."

"Then give me the sixpence."

Amos Williams stood at the great desk in his counting room, and he was alone. While he thus stood, counting up a column of figures upon a page of one of his ledgers, the door was opened and Charles Aubrey entered. He was yet pale and haggard, and looked as he did when we saw him two hours ago. The merchant started back with an utterance of pain and surprise as he recognized in the miserable form before him the once happy and beloved youth whom he had delighted to honor.

"Charles!" he uttered, as soon as he could command his speech, "Why have you come here?"

"Mr. Williams," spoke the youth, in a choking voice, "I have to—tell you that my course of wickedness is run, and from this moment I am—"

Here he stopped. He hesitated a moment, and then his feelings overcame him, and bowing his head he burst into tears, and sobs loud and deep broke from his lips. The merchant was deeply affected, and with the warm tears gathering in his own eyes, he started forward and placed his hands on the youth's head.

"Charles," said he in a tremulous, eager voice, "have you resolved to be a man?"

"With God's help, I will be a man again," was the youth's reply.

"Is your money all gone?"

"Yes, sir! This morning I had one solitary sixpence, and that I gave to a poor woman who bade me come here."

"Aye, I know her. She is an unfortunate creature, and has suffered much. I bade her, if she saw you, and you were cast down and repentant, to send you here, for I heard yesterday that you were at the foot of the precipice. Now if you are determined you shall not want for help."

In eager, broken, sobbing sentences, Charles poured out his thanks and stated the resolution he had taken.

"And now," said Mr. Williams, after the matter had been talked over some, "we must find a place where you can recruit your strength a little before you try to work. There is my brother, who owns a farm in Me—He will be glad to have you come and stop awhile; and when you wholly recover your wasted strength you may have a place here."

At first the youth refused to accept so much, for he knew his unworthiness; but the merchant simply answered:

"You can pay me for all this if you choose, so you need not be delicate about it; and as for your unworthiness, when the lost ones of the earth are not worth redeeming, then some other standard of worth must be regarded."

than that simple one which Jesus of Nazareth gave to his followers."

So it was settled that Charles should go out in the country and remain awhile. He found Mr. Williams, the brother, ready and happy to receive him, and there he began to regain his health and spirits. In two weeks he was as strong as ever and at the end of a month the marks of dissipation had all left his face.

Then he returned to town and entered the store. Amos Williams gave him a lucrative situation and bade him remember nothing of the past, save the one great lesson he had learned.

"Charles," he said, "you know the widow Swan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have engaged board for you there. I hope the engagement will suit you."

"Yes, sir," returned the youth with emotion.

From that time Charles Aubrey went on nobly and truly in the path he marked out. As soon as he made his appearance in prosperity, his old companions sought his company once more, but he repulsed them with a stern firmness that left them no hopes. Yet for a month he was surrounded with temptations of every shape, but he hesitated not once. His mind was made up and he made but one answer to all invitations to depart from his course.

Little did Charles Aubrey know how closely he had been watched. Mr. Williams knew his every movement, even to his prayers which he poured forth in the privacy of his apartments. Thus passed away three months, and at the end of that time Mr. Williams called the young man into the counting room one evening after the rest of the people had gone.

"Well, Charles," the merchant commenced, "how would you like to change your boarding place?"

There was something in the tone, and look of the man as he spoke these words that made the youth start. The blood rushed to his face and he soon turned pale.

"If you would like," the merchant resumed in the same low strange tone, "you may come and board with me. I will not deceive you, Charles. Until I could know that you would entirely reform I dared not carry you to my house, but I am satisfied now. I have not doubted you, but I would prove you. And now, if you please you may inform Mrs. Swan that you shall board with her no more. She will not be disappointed, for I have talked with her on the subject."

With these words Mr. Williams left the store, and as soon as Charles could recover from the strange emotions that had almost overpowered him, he called for the porter to come and lock up, and having looked the safe, he took his departure.

On the next morning he came to the store and when his employer came he informed him that he had given his notice to Mrs. Swan.

"Very well," returned the merchant, "this evening then go home with me."

Evening came and Charles Aubrey accompanied his old friend home. Tea was ready, the rest of the family having eaten an hour before. After tea Charles was conducted to the sitting-room, where the lamps were burning, and where Mr. Williams informed him he could amuse himself by reading.

Charles sat down there, and his employer went out, but he could not read. His heart beat wildly in his bosom, and his soul was strangely worked upon. O, how natural everything there appeared. And how many happy hours he had spent in that room. Thus he sat when the door was slowly opened, and a female appeared within the apartment. She was a bright-eyed, beautiful maiden, and when she first entered a happy smile was on her lips. But the smile faded away and her lips trembled.

She only stood there with her hands half extended, gazing tremblingly upon the youth. In a moment more her bright eyes filled with tears, and Charles started up. He could do no more. With one quick step he sprang forward and without one word caught the fair girl to his bosom.

"Mary," he uttered, as he gazed into the sparkling eyes of the fair being who still clung fondly to him, "You love me still—you forgive me all, and trust me once more?"

"Yes," she murmured; and ere she could speak further, her father came into the room.

"Aha—so you've found him, have you Mary?" he cried, in a happy joyous tone.

"Mr. Williams," uttered Charles, still holding Mary by her hand, and speaking with difficulty. "I hope I am not deceived. Oh, you have not brought me here to kill me! You cannot have passed this cup to my lips only to dash it away again."

"Of course not," returned the merchant. "But you must know the whole truth, and for fear my

child may not tell you all, I'll tell you myself. This noble girl has never ceased to love you, and when you were the lowest down, she loved you most. She came to me and asked me if she might save you if she could. I could not tell her nay and she went at the work. She has suffered much. Charles, it remains with you to decide whether her future shall be one of happiness or not. She knew that you were down, that your money was gone, and that your false friends had forsaken you. Then it was that her love for you grew bold and strong. She knew not what might be your feelings, and to save herself the pain of a direct repulse from you, she assumed a disguise so that she might approach you without being known, and yet gain some idea of your feelings, and save you if she could. I think she has done well. At any rate she has regained you to herself, and it must now be your own fault if the silken tie is loosened again."

With these words the father left the apartment.

"You, Mary? you in disguise?" queried Charles, as soon as he could speak.

"Aye, dear Charles; and you know why I did it. Here, do you remember it?" And as she spoke, she drew from her bosom a silken purse, and took therefrom a sixpence.

The youth recognized it in an instant.

"Oh," he cried, as he strained the noble girl to his bosom, "what can I say? Mary, my life in years to come must tell my gratitude to God."

And Charles Aubrey never forgot his promise. With his noble companion by his side he travelled up the hill, and in his path the flowers of life grew thick and fragrant.

Upon the wall of his sitting-room hangs a picture. It is a splendid painting of the prodigal son's return. Upon the face of a heavy gilt frame, visitors notice a small blemish, but which, upon closer examination, proves to be a small silver coin. Our readers need not be told why that bit of metal is thus carefully preserved.

## Feminine Gossip.

—The Queen of Italy wears shoes that cover a good deal of territory. —Senator Edmunds' daughter will soon publish a book. She is an artist as well as a writer.

—Queen Victoria is not in good health nor in good spirits. She suffers much from violent headaches.

—A lady of Troy attended three hundred funerals last year. The Boston Post thinks she enjoys carriage riding very much.

—Miss Sarah Bernhardt has her name on boxes of Mexican cigars. They are described as long, thin and curiously twisted.

—The birthday of Alice Carey was celebrated by the public schools of Mount Healthy, Ohio, the other day. The sisters were born within a mile of that place sixty years ago.

—Five years ago the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Guard, while traveling on the Erie Railroad, in throwing a piece of orange peel out of the car window, dropped a \$300 diamond ring. It was recently found by a trackman among the cinders, where it has lain ever since.

—A four-year-old girl lately made the journey across the continent to San Francisco alone. She was a self-reliant little traveler, and was inclined to resent any intimation that she could not take care of herself. She was, however, taken in charge by the conductor, in accordance with a request written on her ticket. Her mother had died in the East, and she sought her father.

—A Lancaster young lady playfully threw her arm around the waist of a lady friend, and a pair of scissors hanging therefrom severed an artery in her arm, and she bled to death. This accident, says the Norristown Herald, should teach young ladies that throwing arms around the female waist is a dangerous piece of business and should be performed solely by the male sex. The latter are strong and brave, and don't mind having an artery severed now and then for the good of the cause.

—Miss Louisa Alcott is said to be a capital natural actress. The Herald of Boston says that she once came very near going on the stage, having secretly made arrangements for doing so, and intending to surprise her friends. Through a delay in her expected debut her family found out her project, and it was nipped in the bud. A good while ago she wrote a farce for Mr. William Warren, but as other characters had greater opportunities for amusing "business" than his, he did not play in it, though it was performed several times. She afterward wrote a romantic drama, which was so quarrelled over by the two leading ladies of the Boston Theater that Miss Alcott took it back for revision, and finally threw it impetuously into the fire, having no manuscript ready for Mr. Barry when he sent for it to put it in rehearsal.

## THE THREE NEPHEWS.

A snowy night; gaslights glimmering faintly through myriads of flying flakes—pavements in that slippery stage when the newly-fallen snow gives way beneath your feet—sudden gusts driving the storm into your face like a shower of pins and needles—and a general sense of discomfort in the atmosphere—that, as far as pen and ink can render it, was the state of things upon that stormy February evening when Marmaduke Ferroll stumbled over George Leslie, and they had nearly shut the door in Frank Fessenden's face upon old Mr. Medbury's door-step.

"I thought," observed the former gentleman, with a slight suspicion of embarrassment in his manner, "that I'd just step around and inquire how my Uncle Samuel was, after that last touch of gout."

"Of course, of course," assented Mr. Leslie, shaking the snow from his umbrella in the vestibule. "As it was a stormy night, I thought Uncle Samuel might be homesome."

"And I," observed Frank Fessenden, debonairly, "have come hither, not because I supposed Uncle Samuel cared particularly to see me, or because I found myself unable to exist without his presence, but simply to ask if he could help me to a situation."

Marmaduke Ferroll and George Leslie eyed the third cousin dubiously.

"Uncle Medbury don't like to have favors asked," observed Ferroll, dryly.

"I'm sorry for that," said Frank, "but I can't help it."

"Excuse me, Cousin Fessenden," promptly put in Leslie, "but all elderly persons have their peculiarities, and my Uncle Samuel is particular about one's toilet."

"Once again I'm sorry," confessed Frank, with a rueful glance at the threadbare seams and glossy collar of his garment; "but this is the best coat I've got, and I don't believe in running in debt for another one."

Just then the door flew open with a suddenness that was startling, and a sharp, abrupt voice, not unlike a bark, demanded:

"Who's there? And why don't you come in and have done with it?"

Uncle Medbury was a little, bald-pated man, with a false-shaped nose, sharp, keen eyes like blue specks of steel, and a smooth-shaven skin—and he looked like a second edition of Napoleon Bonaparte as he stood in the elegantly furnished study, with a low fire burning on the marble hearth, wine and walnuts on the table, and a bunch of hot-house grapes, half hidden in roses on a silver basket beyond.

Pen, ink and paper were pushed back, and a crumpled newspaper lay on the carpet beyond Mr. Medbury's easy-chair.

The three nephews entered accordingly. Uncle Medbury greeted them after his fashion; but as he went to draw towards him the tray of fruit, the pen-handle rolled off and fell, of course with the point of the pen sticking deep into the carpet.

Uncle Medbury uttered a hollow groan.

"There's my gold pen gone!" lamented he. "My gold pen that I've had for a quarter of a century!"

The nephews were loud in condolences and sympathy, but Uncle Medbury was like Rachel in Scripture, and refused to be comforted.

"Will you hold your tongues?" brusquely demanded he. "It's bad enough to lose an old friend like my gold pen, but to be deafened by your howls is sufficient to drive one insane."

And the three nephews subsided at once.

"Now then," said Mr. Medbury, abruptly, still sadly eyeing the broken nib of his beloved gold pen, "what do you all want?"

"To spend a social evening with you, sir," said Leslie, politely.

"To inquire after your health," smoothly remarked Ferroll.

"To ask a favor of you, sir," said Frank Fessenden.

"First two—humbug!" barked out the old gentleman. "Last one—probably the truth. What favor now, eh, Frank? Mind I won't lend money—I never lend a farthing, especially to a relative."

"Fortunately it is not your money that I want," said Mr. Fessenden, with philosophy. "I would like your influence to secure me a vacant situation in Meller & Moorham's store."

"What!" cried out the old gentleman, ironically surprised, "a Fessenden turning clerk?"

"A Fessenden had better work than starve," said Frank, dryly.

"I'll see about it," said the old gentleman. "Now, then, go home, every one of you!"

"Sir!" cried out the uncle's nephews in chorus, scarcely able to believe their ears.

"Go home, every one of you! Are you deaf? I've lost my gold pen. I don't feel in the humor for company. Good night!"

And thus Uncle Samuel Medbury dismissed his anxious kinsmen.

The great jewelry store of Meller & Moorham was no sooner open the next day than in walked Mr. Ferroll. "I wish to look at gold pens, please," said he, with a nod at the shopman, whom he knew. "Something very nice for old Medbury, you know—old Miser Medbury, we call him. Ah! ha! ha! He's broken his, and it's a good chance to curry favor with the old hunk."

"Exactly," said the shopman, drawing his hand across his lips with a curious sort of grin. "Here are some very fair specimens, Mr. Ferroll—ahem."

Mr. Ferroll was hard to please, but finally made a selection and went out, leaving directions that the present should be sent at once, with his card inclosed; and not fifteen minutes afterwards in marched Geo. Leslie.

"Gold pens," said he. "The cheapest you've got. It's like buying a lottery ticket to give anything to old Snap-and-Snarl Medbury; one never knows how he may take it, and it isn't likely he'll know the difference between an A No. 1 article and a second class one. Six dollars? Isn't that very dear? And the case extra?"

"Your cousin, Mr. Ferroll, has just given eighteen for one to be sent to Medbury," said the shrewd clerk.

Eh! What! How! Confound his meddling impertinence—what put the idea into his head? Then I suppose I shall have to send a twenty-dollar one, although the deuce knows I am not able to spare the money. These uncles are a terribly expensive luxury."

And he paid the reluctant twenty dollars and took his departure.

Upon the very doorstep, whom should he meet but Frank Fessenden!

"Eh? You're coming to buy a gold pen, are you?" surlily demanded he. "But you're too late. Ferroll and I have both sent one!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Frank, cheerily. "Uncle Medbury's a jolly old brick, but I can't afford expensive presents while my board-bill is yet unpaid, and my washerwoman clamoring for funds. I suppose he hasn't been here yet this morning?"

"Who? Uncle Medbury?"

"Yes. He wrote me a note to be here at ten o'clock."

"Yes, Mr. Fessenden, he's here," said the clerk, advancing and rubbing the palms of his hands together. "Just back here, in the cashier's office."

"Eh? cried out Mr. Leslie, his complexion turning a dull, bilious green. "My Uncle Medbury back at the cashier's desk! And only a bit of ground glass and a rosewood railing between me and him? Why, then, of course he's heard every word I said!"

"I'm afraid it's exceedingly probable, sir," said the clerk, with a covert grin. "It's no fault of mine. I was just about to caution Mr. Ferroll about speaking quite so freely, but the old gentleman made me a sign to hold my tongue; so what was I to do?"

In the same breath, out came Mr. Medbury from the cashier's little, railed-in den, like a Jack-in-a-box.

"Much



E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## The National Convention.

At last, after a great deal of talk, then a period of silence, followed in turn by some genuine action, the National Convention has become a fixed fact. All that ever was required to insure a meeting was concerted action, and we now have every evidence that all intelligent mutes will work together.

Mr. McGregor has consented to act as chairman of a local committee, and guarantees a suitable place to meet in free of expense. His associates, Messrs. A. T. Wood and J. K. T. Hoagland, are among Cincinnati's most intelligent mutes. Mr. McG.'s suggestion for all who propose to attend to send in their names, in order that suitable accommodations may be provided, we hope will call forth an array of names representing both the honor and the intelligence of the "silent" sons and daughters of America.

Our columns will be free to all who have any Convention intelligence to communicate or any plans to suggest; but we would rather print communications that would help and not retard the project now under headway. Those who do not wish to attend, need not feel obliged to discourage those who do, and if the suggestion of "Columbus" is acted upon, the grumblers will, in our opinion, be very few.

We cordially second the proposition to have Mr. McGregor Chairman of the local committee which he has presented, and have every faith in his ability to bring about a rousing meeting, which shall be replete with interest, instruction and pleasure.

We will endeavor to keep our readers posted as to how matters are progressing, and hope to meet many of them in Cincinnati on August 25th. So, Mr. McGregor, please put down our name as one who, unless unforeseen circumstances prevent, will take a back or front seat, as the case may be, at the First National Convention of Deaf-Mutes.

We received, some time since, a letter, containing the rates charged by the different hotels, but as no name accompanied it, we could not conscientiously publish it. If an authentic list is furnished, we will give it a place in our columns, and keep it before our readers until the time for the meeting arrives.

We publish this week a letter which has reference to the New departure of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. The author is a gentleman who has had a good deal of experience in the various mechanical industries carried on in both the New and the Old world. We do not take it upon ourselves to answer all the points he advances, but differ from him in regard to the abolition of trades in the deaf-mute institutions of learning. His plan that the deaf-mute pupils are seldom thoroughly taught may be correct in many instances, but his plan for remedying the evil is entirely impracticable. Deaf-mutes, as a rule, are too old at the time of graduation to begin to learn most trades, and if they were to neglect their education proper, in order to have the advantage of early instruction in some paying pursuit, the result would be far more deplorable than it is at present—that is to say, a knowledge of a trade should not be obtained at the sacrifice of that general knowledge which goes to make up their future happiness when brought in contact with the outside world. We see, then, that it would be very injurious to the deaf-mutes to take away the industrial advantages now afforded them. If, as the gentleman says, they are often obliged to

unlearn what they have already learned, the proper remedy would be to look to the source of this mal-instruction and make the necessary changes there.

His plan for a "Society for the thorough instruction of Deaf-Mutes in Trades," could be better applied in connection with an institution than apart from it, and if an appropriation could be made for the Industrial Departments of Institutions, aside from the appropriation for the Educational Departments, we think that the future would be able to show more deaf-mutes who, through a knowledge—a thorough knowledge—of some trade, combined with a fair education, could rise superior to the retrograding influence of an absence of any of the senses, and be fully competent to cope with their hearing brethren in all mechanical pursuits, and in the exercise of their rights as citizens of a free republic.

## NOTICES.

The Second Biennial meeting of the GRANITE STATE DEAF MUTE MISSION will be held in Manchester, N. H., May 29th and 30th, 1880.

Tickets at reduced rates will be sold by the General Ticket Agents on Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mts. Railroad, and by Lowell & Nashua R. R. on application to said agents, personally or in writing.

On the Northern Railroad and Concord & Claremont, tickets will be sold for two (2) cents per mile each way, by conductors on the trains. Deaf-Mutes will please inform the ticket agent from what station they expect to leave for Manchester.

Board can be obtained at the Haseltine House for one dollar per day. It is hoped that Rev. Job. Turner, of Virginia, will be present at the meeting; if not, some other preacher will be engaged. A suitable interpreter will be obtained.

Deaf-Mutes in other States are cordially invited to attend the meeting. Come one, come all.

Per Order,

THOMAS BROWN,  
Chairman G. S. D. M. M.

Revs. Gallaudet and Turner, being unable to attend our meeting at Manchester, May 29th and 30th, Revs. John Chamberlain and Samuel Rowe will attend.

N. H. R. Roads in parts will be granted at reduced fares and also hotel board. Some mute will be licensed to attend mutes arriving at the depot, and show a hotel where they want to stop. Mutes of other States wishing to attend can get reduced tickets near the Station depots in this State.

THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENRIKER, N. H.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann will assist in the administration of the Holy Communion to Deaf-Mutes at Grace Church, Cleveland, O., on Sunday, May 30th, and at Grace Church, Detroit, on the following Sunday, June 6th.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

William F. Esselstine, who recently resided in New York, is now in Osage, Iowa.

Louis Huff is sticking to the Leadville Democrat. He earns good wages.

Mr. and Mrs. Cinsman, of Providence, R. I., stopped with Mrs. Follett over Sunday.

Can Bro. Harbert explain why we do not receive the Index. The JOURNAL is mailed to him regularly.

Scarlet fever is epidemic at the Rochester Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.—*New York Evening Telegram*.

They had a regular "Returning Board" vote at the conclusion of the "third term" debate, at the Manhattan Literary Association.

Mrs. Minerva Follett, of North Smithfield, R. I., has been confined to bed three weeks, but was able to get up Sunday to see her deaf-mute friends, eight in number.

Bishop Jagger, of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, confirmed two members of Rev. Mr. Mann's congregation, at Christ Church, Portsmouth, Ohio, on Ascension Day, May 6th.

Fred Smith, of Fall River, Mass., who was formerly connected with the National Deaf-Mute College, is working in a machine shop, and has the dignity of watchman from 12 to 1 o'clock when the men are out for dinner.

We are informed on the most reliable authority that a party of deaf-mutes has never met in Syracuse as recently announced in the JOURNAL, to form a stock company to manufacture sugar from beets. It was merely a talk, and was postponed indefinitely.

Crawford and Hugh Kennick, of St. John, N. B., are shoemakers by trade. Crawford was graduated from the Halifax Institution, N. S. Hugh Kennick was married to a Miss Hines six years ago. Crawford likes the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL very much.

A deaf-mute named Michael McLaughlin, employed as a wiper in the Boston and Albany shops at East Albany, received a severe scalp wound while wiping an engine in the company's yard. Dr. Bell dressed the wound.—*Albany Press and Knickerbocker*.

Mr. J. C. Tupper is living at Middle Stewieck, N. S. His wife, formerly a Miss Batesman, was educated at the Halifax Institution. She has one brother and one sister, who are deaf and dumb. Her sister has been a pupil at both the Halifax and Belleville Institutions.

Mr. W. D. Palmer is now at Galesburg, Ill.

Three pupils of the Philadelphia Institution will enter the National Deaf-Mute College in the fall.

The Natick Citizen of last week, contained a very complimentary notice on the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

Rev. Mr. Mann held a service in the Church of the Redeemer, Cairo, Ill., on Monday evening, May 10th.

Mr. Adolph Eckardt and his "new cane," paid the JOURNAL office a visit last Monday. We were disappointed in not seeing his new cane.

Joseph Lozano has returned to St. Louis from New Orleans, and is working at his business as engraver in the well known art gallery in that city.

Miss Louisa Clum is visiting her friends at the New York Institution. Miss Clum in company with Miss Lizzie Noble called at the JOURNAL office last Friday.

There was a slim attendance at St. Ann's Church last Sunday. No doubt many of the male mutes availed themselves of the invitation to attend Briggs' trial trip of his boat, the Gen Sedgwick, to Columbia Grove.

A Pittsburgh reader says:—"Col. Sawhill, of Bulger, Pa., was in Pittsburgh on business. He said that he got a job on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway. We all wish him success. He is a fine gentleman."

Mrs. J. Walter Foote, nee Miss May Alderman, from Illinois, just came to Detroit, and will visit her relatives in Michigan. She is expected to be at Pontiac next week with Miss Valerius. But she was once a teacher of the Michigan Institution.

Books for 25 cents. "The History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes of America." John Brooks is the only western agent who sells them. Single copies mailed to any address on receipt of price. Any one who is in want of these books, will do well to send their orders at once. Address John Brooks, Box 1269, East Saginaw, Michigan.

W. S. Ervinger, who a year or two ago was a pupil of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, but was obliged to return home on account of some hereditary affection which caused the bones of his leg to rot away, had his leg amputated above the knee at St. Michael's Hospital in Newark, N. J., about three weeks ago. He is now improving and is able to go around with the aid of a crutch.

Miss Mary A. Downen has been united, for better or worse, to Mr. Charles M. Mowry, of North Smithfield, R. I. She was employed last November by him as a servant, through the kindness of Dr. L. I. Peet, and he had no idea of ever marrying her until he learned to love her. The writer of this item believes she is to-day the richest deaf-mute lady in the New England States, if not in the U. S. Her husband is fifty-five years of age, and she is eighteen. He is as jolly as ever, and is a farmer.

May 9th, Rev. Job Turner held services at Atlanta, Ga. He was the guest of Dr. William A. Love, one of the best doctors in the city. Dr. Love and his family command the sign language well. Miss T. C. Carrender, a deaf-mute lady lives with them, and they feel as affectionate towards her as their own. At the service were present two deaf-mutes, Mr. G. W. Walker, and Miss Ella Groom, who is a book keeper in the Sunny Slope office. Miss Groom looks intelligent. Atlanta is called the Gate City. Mr. Turner went to Athens, Ga., on the morning of the 10th.

A few evenings ago, Mr. Frank M. Senior, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was called upon to act as Chairman at a meeting of the New York Base Ball Club, which was recently held in that city for the purpose of drafting a Constitution and By-laws, and the transaction of other business. The club is composed entirely of mutes, none of whom are connected with any institution of learning. It being entirely on independent affairs. Sometime in July, it proposes to start on a tour; playing at the principal cities in this State, and if circumstances warrant it, will step into Ohio and give the Independents a tussle. This club is thought to have on its roll of membership some of the best players that can be got together herabouts, including Waters and Wilkinson, formerly of the Kennells; Scott, of the Hudsons; King, of the Independents, and other well known players. It also has the encouragement and support of some of the leading mutes of the vicinity.

We witnessed on Wednesday, in Watertown, what we never saw before and never expect to see again. At the burial of the late Hinman Atwood his six sons acted as pall-bearers. The youngest of these is 33 and the eldest 48; two are twins and one deaf and dumb. They are all married and their wives were present at the funeral. Last September Mr. Atwood and his wife celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage, and at the golden wedding were the six sons and two daughters. They had 11 children in all, three having died. Samuel E. Atwood was drowned in the Manham Canal in Watertown, June 18th, 1853, being 19 years of age; Sarah B. Atwood died Aug. 28th, 1854, and her remains were the first to be laid in the new cemetery. The remains of her brother were soon after removed from the old burying ground to the new. Ella J. Atwood, wife of J. F. Woodruff, died Feb. 4th, 1876, aged 28.—*Waterbury Ct. American*.

A deaf-mute named L. W. Deming, who has recently been at work in the Cutlery works has been the subject of considerable oppression at the hands of the boys about the streets lately. They have taken a fiendish delight in tormenting the poor fellow, and in some cases have abused him in a shameful manner. He has now taken the matter of revenge into his own hands and appears every evening on the streets armed with a huge base ball club with which to punish the offenders, and it is needless to state that the ones who were cowardly enough to state that him, now stand in wholesome dread of his weapon, and he is allowed to go comparatively in peace about his business.—*Railton (Ca.) Observer*.

If there is any one thing on the earth that is wearing on a man's brain, it is editing an Institution paper. The range of subjects is so limited that every faculty has to be strained to its utmost capacity to find some subject to write upon and then to worry out a few ideas on the subject when found. At first sight, the task may seem easy, but it is found that after going through this performance once a week for six years, the most capacious and well stocked mind becomes, as it were, drained on these peculiar points. Nothing but our power of assimilating other people's ideas and our immense consumption of fish, and other substances rich in phosphorus, has enabled us to keep the Goodson up to the standard of brilliancy for which it has been so long notorious. But even these resources, vast as they were, are becoming exhausted, and we have great fear lest we shall at length be driven to the W. H. T. Jones expedient and then farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness.—*Goodson Gazette*.

The Beverly Citizen of the 15th inst. contains several items about the deaf-mute fair to be given for the benefit of the Industrial Home of Beverly, Mass. We would copy some of them, but the paper arrived too late.

It is announced in New York City, that J. H. Eddy, who some two years ago, while a resident graduate of the New York Institution, was appointed a teacher in the Rome school, will shortly be married to Miss H. J. Roe, a graduate of "Old Panwood," and also a teacher in the Central Institution.

At the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, last week, a report was presented by the Committee on Church Work among Deaf-Mutes, appointed in 1878; and, in accordance with its recommendation, a Commission was authorized to take charge of the work vigorously. The Bishop has appointed a very strong commission which met on the 15th inst.

James W. Hess of Baltimore made us a call one day last week, and sold some sixty photographs to the pupils and officers of the institution. Mr. Hess is a graduate of the Maryland School for Deaf-Mutes, and left here en-route for the above place, from whence he expects to reach his home in a short time. We found him quite an agreeable young gentleman and wish him success.—*Tablet*.

Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds in writing to us says:—"I hastily second the proposition made by 'Micawber,' and would suggest that as a move in the right direction, that the Manhattan Literary Association donate the proceeds of its coming excursion to the 'Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.' If this is done I have no doubt but that all who are interested in the 'Home,' would work hard to make the excursion a most brilliant success."

"Hieronymus," alias "Hieronymus," does not believe that one of "Em Students" really wrote that reply to H—'s satire, because he H—, thinks it knocked the dignity of that noble band of "College Boys" down under zero. It seems as if the "Little Preps" and the "College Boys" don't live in harmony, and that one of the former wrote the reply to H—'s satire, not to vindicate themselves of the injury done by H—, but of some injury done them by the "College Boys." This may not be true, however, but it is the latest pungency H— offers to "One of 'Em College Boys," and may be considered as part of H's reply to him.

On May 10th the particulars of a stabbing affray which occurred at Tentonia Hall, Third and Walnut streets were reported at police headquarters. The principals engaged in the affair are Christian Snyder and Christian Hagenman. Snyder is deaf and dumb, and when excited has a violent temper. The difficulty arose at the table while the boarders were eating their supper. Snyder is the brother-in-law of the proprietor of the hotel, Charles Engleman. It is alleged that several of the boarders had been teasing and irritating Snyder all day long. Snyder and Hagenman are both regular boarders at Tentonia Hall. While supper was being partaken of two of the boarders got into a difficulty, and a number of hot words passed between them. Snyder, who was on very intimate terms with one, interfered and took his friend's part. The landlord then took hold of Snyder, and wanted to take him away, but he couldn't manage him, when another boarder took hold of him, but both couldn't get him under control. The third boarder caught Snyder by the throat, when the latter drew a spall pocket-knife, and stabbed him in the arm above the elbow in the thickest part of the flesh. The blow descended in a slanting direction, and was not so very deep, but they bled profusely. Officer Eckenroth, who had arrived upon the scene by this time, cleared away the crowd that had gathered on the outside, and helped to bandage the wounded man's arm. Christian Hagenman, the man who was out, ran into the street after the affray, and the officer brought him in, but considering the circumstances did not arrest him. Snyder was taken into an upstairs room by the proprietor and his friends. He afterwards left the house, and, it is supposed, fled, and has not been heard of since. Snyder generally tends bar at the Tentonia. Dr. Ammon was sent for, and he properly dressed the wounds. Hagenman is working to-day.—*Reading, (Pa.) Eagle*.

## MARRIED.

BUTLER-LINDSEY—On April 29th, at Wabash, Ind., Mark Butler of Wabash, Ind., to Winnie Lindsey, of Red Bridge, Ind.

## DIED.

At Fall River, Mass., May 9th, Emily, wife of Samuel Wilkinson, aged 42 years, 6 months and 22 days.

Mrs. Samuel Wilkinson, who died Sunday of inflammation of the bowels, was the wife of the well known deaf-mute of Fall River, Mass., and mother of Samuel W. Wilkinson, the undertaker. Funeral services will be held at her late residence, No. 3 Wrightington Place, at 9 o'clock to-morrow, to which her many friends are invited.

Mrs. Rebecca T. Traak, wife of Eugene Traak, of Deerfield, Mass died of apoplexy on Sunday Evening, 9th, at the age of 35, leaving three small children. She and her husband were educated at the American Asylum. The three children have the sense of hearing, notwithstanding both parents were deaf-mutes. Mrs. Traak was formerly Rebecca T. West, of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, where her parents reside. She was in amiable and cultured lady, and her sudden death is especially sad.

## Humbly Dedicated to "One of 'Em College Boys,"

"O, satire!" dully "gleams" the "steel" When by our "hand" it is "thrown" Our "edge is dull," no "pain" you "feel" You "laugh" and "sing,"—and dance and reel! And "about" out that we be "blown!"

Believing in the old adage, "Better late than never," we grasp this opportunity to reply to the letter of "One of 'Em College Boys," which appeared in the JOURNAL of April 15th. In the first place, we must say that when H—, used the pronoun I, we did not in the least make her refer to ourselves. We merely made I, when used, stand for a supposed fair author of the satire, signed "Hieronymus" and "Honeyanyway." But the "I's" in the letter of "One of 'Em College Boys" are not so excusable. They look like egotism, that spectral shadow of an insignificant self. But this part of the letter is hardly worth our notice. Listen to Puss:—

"Bah! it's nothing, I dare say; Often on a sunny day, Shadows come and go; Some new kind of shadow 'round Nothing in it, I'll be bound— Shall I scratch it?—No!"

The neat little verse with which "One of 'Em College Boys" headed his letter in reply to H—, was entirely too bombastic and too reflecting

on the literary abilities of the gentleman to have served much his cause; nor did it serve his cause at all, simply because it was aimed at

"Oh, woman! dearest boon to man That God unto our lot has given."

and as Hieronymus only claims to be a woman in *nom de plume*, she may be relied on as an impartial and disinterested judge. Would it not have been much better if that college chap had tickled his muse with an introduction to his letter, in our own *humble* style?

When this cruel war is ended, Let us have peace again; But now we must be defended, Or surely we will be slain.

The opening part of his letter in reply to H—, is extremely absurd. With interrogation marks he speaks of H—'s letter or "biting satire," and "piercing sarcasm," and then attempts to tell what injury his "razor" was unable to do to such a "delicate" and "thinly" constructed letter. Does he mean by the word "razor," he referred figuratively to his "doleful" or literally, to a venerable shaving instrument. If wit—no matter what kind—was meant, we think it too bad he had to anticipate his reply in his very opening that he was unable to injure H—'s letter. What did he write for then? Wherefore this anticipation? Did he think that by betraying to the world his inability of replying to H—, he would succeed? Did he think he happily struck on a vein of irony? If so, we are a plain blunt man, and unable to perceive any such stuff. If he referred to a shaving instrument, (we don't like to hint again on his facial down) why the very idea becomes monstrously ridiculous. Talk of cutting ideas with a razor! Of course it was unable to do any injury. Why waste words and patience on this axiom? If "One of 'Em College Boys" had the patience to try to "draw the keen edge of his razor" through H—'s ideas, as contained in his letter, we have good reason to suppose he has the patience to try to hush up his soul with a circular saw. This would appear a rapid way of doing it, but it would be a "great effort," nevertheless. We kindly suppose his patience is less than Job's, but himself greater, and correspondingly ask him to "bore a tunnel through Mt. Blanc with a boiled carrot," or suck the Gulf of Mexico dry through a goose quill," or stuff butter into a wild cat with a red hot awl, etc. College chap—your choice, *s'il vous plait*.

And how inconsistently that *College Boy* writes: "However," he says, "she" (H—) "should be praised." All the whys and wherefores of this "however" contained in the statement of H—'s letter were scarcely "inferior to the beautiful Hudson River which flows so majestically, seeking the sea." What a *select* few of contradictions! O, inconsistency, art thou a sarcastic jewel?

The other part of the letter of this "Disciple of Euclid" amounts to a "Comedy of Errors." He speaks of what curiosity H— must have had to peep through cracks and key-holes, just to get a glimpse of those College boys!—and his own important self included? What a sell! We never heard of a girl being such a "blockhead," "with or without a crooked nose," as to confess such a thing. If H— did so, she certainly is not a girl, and almost every one of the readers of the JOURNAL must have been "bought for a song;" and the idea of her strutting about the New York Deaf and Dumb Institute, in a *jupon rouge* or of any other color,—as we have heard, on good authority, "Em College boys, headed by Mr. Renard, believes, as the latter of this "One" of their number intimates, is something like harnessing an ass "to her" way, to King Louis XIV's state coach while the "Grand Monarque" was inside, or,—if you please,—attempting to hold up with grapnels the hair on the head of the blessed subject of "the Darwinian theory!"

That College Boy says H—, invited the students to "fish on the Hudson." What a bad shot! You really did not use your eyes, did you, Sonny? Don't "go west," my boy. "Much Big Injun," who is "afraid of his-horses," would have your scalp made into a pair of patent leather moccasins, and all ready for the next Centennial Exposition, before you sent a bullet whistling in his neighborhood! Why, you missed the "bull's eye" by a gap of 90 (ninety) miles? We cordially change our invitation, whatever it was, to one for a "visit" to the Optician, on Pennsylvania Avenue near 12th St., Washington, D. C. If you forget to take with you a copy of the JOURNAL, of April 1st, containing H—'s satire, we may feel obliged to trouble you with an additional advice—to ask you to make better use of your fishing line in tying it around your little finger. (*apetit doigt*) so it may remind you of the paper the next time you make a "call."

You College youngster, "guess" you "see through a dark glass pretty clear," and then after such grammar and egotism, and indication that you thought that the corners of all human mouths would ever point towards the infernal regions, you swell out cheek enough to ask, "Don't I?" We think your eyesight must be worse than that of one of the celebrated character in Pinafore, (Did you ever see him moulded in toilet soap?) else the glass was rather too smutty for your "spheres" anyway, your eyesight was "as sharp as the little end of nothing."

And how generous were you to extend to us an invitation to fish in the Eastern Branch of the Potomac under the maple trees! A thousand thanks, but we must decline; we are as well acquainted as you with the dirty Branch and the slim maple trees—no shade there except when your ghost and "I's" are around. We *humbly* think we know, 'cause we lived six years near that stream and saw nearly all the maple "shoots" planted in and about Washington! "Guess" we will wait 'till those trees get bigger and produce their *sugar*, and then, we may swoop down and help ourselves;—and, as you express it, "get something worth taking home." What a delicious idea; our mouth already begins to water. But, O, you prefer to talk about fish. Well, what a silly confession to say that you, students—yourself included, to be sure—"never had a bite in your lives," and that "indeed it is doubtful whether you." "College Boys," ever caught a *biped* fish. A greater wonder than this—(can it be possible?)—is that those college boys don't take the hint to become a *little more* "sagacious" than "yourself" sagacious, and punch your dear little skill to vindicate themselves of their injured honor, for your audacity in confessing such a thing to us. Miss "Deaf and Dumb Girl," "Mignon, & Co.," if you have not yet disclosed yourself to your colleagues we pronounce you a lucky chap, and advise you to take the greatest care lest you ever do it. If they ever find you out, we are afraid your dear little skull will "be blown;" for we know some of the "Em Boys" are pretty good "fishers," and while some may "sing" well enough for your ears, others may act accordingly in this fashion:

## "Aire"—"Mark Twaine."

"Punch" Boys "punch," O, "punch with care;" But first get drunk on "lager baire." Or, if you please take "whiskey square," Then roll up your sleeves, let the play be fair; Don't raise your foot, lest you make 'im stare, And a knock on the nose, just right there. By using your hands to pull his hair; Give 'im a box on the right and left ear! Then a smack on the cheek, let it be square, And a knock on the nose, just right there. Now punch, boys, punch; we really don't care So you "punch in the presence of" a professor!

Now, my "Boy," why talk about the "quality and quantity" of the mental bait? of ladies? Why should you expect ladies of superior mental bait (we don't claim to be one!) to fish for boys! who themselves never had the quality and quantity to tempt a biped fish of the feminine gender? Go, then sluggish "Disciple of Euclid," to the "small red 'cutting ants' which infest" your "gardens," and, *s. v. p.*, ask them to show these *Pons Asinorum* and how to get over it.

Next time, before "One of 'Em College Boys" tells us how he "sings" and "laughs," and requests us, *ladies* to "be blown," we advise him *humbly*, of course, to grease the North Pole with axle grease and put a ham on top. But we do not want him to do too much. We are not so barbarous; we don't ask him to climb that Pole, it is rather hot and slippery work. You know, besides, we are thinking of the grease soiling his clothes and good looks as "One of 'Em College Boys,"—what a precious thing it is to own such a name! What is in a good name? Read the Proverbs. But before he can ever grease that Pole, or ever put a ham on top, we think we will, in *all humbleness*, take that ham as a prize for our reply to that College Boy's letter; if not, for being the first to think of such a problem without bringing it to its *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

Indeed, College Boy, whoever you are, you must now be immensely satisfied; you have your consummation—your wish is fulfilled; we've at last got a very "Little As You Like It"—Only this and nothing more!

P. S. for D. E.—*s. e.*, Please send Scholiums for you, "Disciple of Euclid."

No 1. Please tell your Literary Society, which meets in that "sky blue room," that we are not insensible of the great honor it did us in its unanimous resolution, asking us to be present at its closing meeting and give our opinion of "them awful students;" nor insensible to the students in general for their promised "grand reception," and for their important verdict in pronouncing our letters, so "very interesting reading matter"—'cause we are like Uriah, in *David Copperfield*, such an 'umble rogue! and

"A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown."

No. 2.—Please tell the "Boys" that we thought of requesting Mr. Editor of the JOURNAL to send every "One of 'Em College Boys" a copy of the JOURNAL containing this letter, just to let them see what "quality and quantity" of "mental bait" you possess; but we must disappoint ourselves, as our bank accounts are just now a little too tight.

No. 3.—Next time Hieronymus writes a satire, Please don't act worse than a sensitive plant and think that it is all meant to kill yourself.

No. 4.—Please tell Mike we will answer his letter if we can spare the time, and if we think his letter worth it, otherwise we will remain "as silent as the stars"; and if there are two Mike's, as it appears, we will let them fight a duel with bowie knives and let the one who survives imagine he has won our palm.

No. 5.—Please send our thanks to "Mignon" for a past compliment,—partly at your own expense, and for her new style of orthography in Yours Very "10derly,"

HIERONYMUS, alias HIERONYMA and HONEYANYWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1880.

## National Convention!

## HO! FOR CINCINNATI!

## Here is Your Hail.

I see the movement in favor of a National Convention is being renewed again in the columns of the JOURNAL and other papers, and the only drawback seems to be the want of some one to take a vigorous hold of it at this end of the line. As I have received several enquiries concerning a ball, etc., and requested to lend my aid, I have concluded to take a hand, and with the aid of Messrs. A. T. Wood and J. K. T. Hoagland, who have kindly consented to work with me in this connection as Local Committee of Arrangements, I promise to do all in my power to bring about the consummation of the wishes of the friends of the movement—that is, if they are willing to accept our services.

As to the question of expense. I will say that if the Convention be held in Cincinnati, I will guarantee the use of a hall on one of the most delightful of the several famous hill top resort, free of expense to those attending, where they can enjoy themselves in delicious coolness, no matter how warm it may be "down town," commencing on the 25th of August and continuing to the end of the week if desired.

The only expenses of those attending will be about \$10 for incidental expenses, and Mr. Tillinghast's generous offer in the last number of the JOURNAL quite covers that, but others will see that he alone is not called on for all of it, so we may consider the question of expense settled.

Now let all who propose to attend send their names to me as soon as possible, and if they desire any information to the routes, hotels, etc., enclose stamp and they will receive reply by return mail.

The time for *talk* is past, and the time for action has arrived. Let us see how many propose to attend, and the Local Committee will make the necessary arrangements and do all in their power to make the Convention a success, and contribute to the best of their ability to the comfort and pleasure of those who come.

Suggestions, etc., from those who intend to come will be gratefully received and carefully considered, but those who intend to stay at home and growl are respectfully requested to keep "mum" until after the meeting, as we expect to have our hands full until then, and will have no time to pay any attention to them.

R. P. MCGREGOR.

531½ Baymiller St.,  
Cincinnati, O.

## Thoughtlessness.



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify our editors with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### "COLUMBUS."

HE DISCOURSES ON THE CONVENTION WHICH THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED MIGHT PASTE IN THEIR HATS—MINOR MENTIONING.

Several months ago, when to all appearance the movement of holding a National Deaf-Mute Convention during the present year, had reached a point as to assure it a fixed fact, it was allowed suddenly to go to sleep by those who had nursed it in and out of reason. So quietly was the subject allowed to rest that those who were not in the movement, had come to the conclusion that it had gone to where the woodbine twined never more.

Imagine their surprise now when all of a sudden the convention subject is revived from its R. P. Van Winkle and ghost like stalks farther with no telling where it will land next.

The question whether such a convention should be held, could have been long ago decided to a certainty had those who favored it worked as earnestly for the movement after the dispute arose as to which city, Cincinnati or Syracuse, had the most votes as they did before, the middle rose. But then this point was reached the person who originated the idea, and labored in and out of reason for it all at once became mum on the subject, when to all intents be should have fostered it as heartily as before. We cannot account for this loss of interest on his part, unless it may be that another city than his choice received the most votes. If such is the fact, and we hope it is not, it is certainly a trifling excuse. Let him again wield his pen vigorously for the convention, and urge upon those who voted for Syracuse to make up their minds and march to Cincinnati.

It would indeed be a grand spectacle to witness the 215 persons who voted for Syracuse come marching into Cincinnati in a body with flying colors on the morning of the day on which the convention is to meet.

The spicy article in the Chicago Letter for April and those in the JOURNAL of a recent date, upon the movement, smack of the right sort. All that is needed, evidently, is concerted action among those who were eager to have a convention. If they will do that, the thing is on assured fact. Let all who voted for having a convention make it a point to be in Cincinnati on the morning of August 25th, the generally agreed upon date whether any one is there to meet them with open arms or not. After they get there they need have no fear of finding suitable accommodations. The Paris of America is a big city. She has big and little halls without number, and there will be little trouble to obtain one for the convention to meet in after the members get there. Her citizens are generous, and large hearted, and if the 30,000 mutes in the United States should all decide to attend the Convention, they would be sure to receive a hearty welcome by her people and the highest music hall in the United States thrown open for their deliberations, if that prove inadequate, other means would speedily be provided.

Some have suggested the appointment of a person to act as a committee of arrangements, secure a hall and attend to other preliminary matters for holding the convention. In this connection, Mr. R. P. McGregor has been mentioned as a suitable person to manage the affair. He would be the right man for the place, if he could be urged upon to accept the position. He has convention experience, and could arrange things to suit all except perpetual grumblers. But would he be willing to take the thankless honor? We are of the opinion he would not care for the place.

By the way if Mr. McGregor should decline, we know of a trio of mutes, Messrs. Barkley, Mettenberger and Vance, whose headquarters are in Cincinnati, who might be prevailed upon to take charge of its management. Their foresight in convention matters, we have been given to believe, is as boundless as the ocean. They have long been anxious to secure an undertaking of this kind in order that their fame might be heralded and their reputation established. If we had a choice in the matter, we would vote for them first, last and all the time.

The Chicago Letter should not have been so severe on Brother Read of the *Advance*, because he happened not at first to regard the convention project favorably. He is human like all of us, and liable to make errors of judgment. If we mistake not, he repented of his commission at the last moment, and sent his vote in favor of Cincinnati. But he deferred too long, and when his ballot reached its destination, the ballot box was closed.

Brother Read will no doubt favor the convention with his little might, if one is held, and help to enliven things on the occasion, which he is capable of doing.

About 80 ladies connected with the Executive Committee of the women's Foreign Missions, who are holding a session in this city, visited the Institution in a body last Tuesday afternoon, and were entertained with pantomime and school exercises which they duly appreciated.

Prof. J. D. H. Stewart, following the example set by Mr. Patterson, went on a fishing excursion last Saturday afternoon to Alum Creek.

Luck attended them, for they brought home quite a catch of fish. Prof. Stewart, for their success entertained the boys at tea in the evening at his residence. The verdict among them seemed to be that it was good for them to be there.

Gov. Foster this week appointed Hon. John S. Savage an ex-member of Congress, as a trustee of the Institution to fill the place made vacant by the declination of one of those first chosen. The Board is now full and will meet next Tuesday.

Another game of base ball was played last Saturday afternoon between the Independents and Andersons of the U. S. Barracks on the former's grounds. A large attendance of visitors were present to witness the contest mostly composed of Uncle Sam's blue coats and bean buttons. The Independents as usual were victorious. The visitors playing a week game all through. Clomont, of the Independents, as a pitcher did good and effective work and was ably sustained behind the bat by Myne. The inning score was as follows:

INDEPENDENTS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
ANDERSONS. 0 1 0 0 8 0 1 8 -18.  
ANDERSONS. 0 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 -4.

Buckeye knotting among deaf-mutes have been quite numerous this year. No accounting for the reason unless this happens to be leap year. An affair of this kind took place April 11th. The agreeing parties being Thomas L. Littleton and Maggie Genrindon, both pupils at this Institution formerly.

Signor Bletz entertained the pupils of this Institution this evening with a sleight of hand magic and other feats.

The pupils are frequently remembered by Governor Foster with bundles of newspapers, and the favor is duly appreciated.

May 14, 1880.

### Indiana Notes, and reply to one and all.

"The sun upon the lake is low,  
The wild birds hush their song,  
The hills have ceased their deepest glew,  
Yet 'Cuthbert' tarries long.

"Now all whom vacied toil and care  
From home and love divide,  
In the calm sunset, may repair  
Each to his loved one's side.

"The noble dame on turret high  
Who waits her gallant knight  
Looks to the western beam to spy  
The flash of armor bright.

"The village maid with handsome brow,  
The level ray to shade;  
Upon the foot-path watches now  
For 'Palma's' dawning plaid.

"Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
By day they swim apart,  
And to the thicket wanders slow,  
The hind beside the hart.

"The wood lark at his partner's side,  
Twitters his evening song;  
All meet when day and care divide,  
But 'Cuthbert' tarries long.

Charlie Weir, class '81, will soon blossom out in a gorgeous new spring suit and then "those dreamy eyes of blue" will have to retire to some corner and admire it. "Portie Statute," don't you wish it were you?

Let us have Mr. McGregor as chairman of the local committee by all means. He would be the right man in just the right place.

Never mind, "Lester Montrose," we've received an invite, so there's no need sending in our names and addresses, and we won't do it neither, will we, "Hieronymus?"

"Sly" says "an Indian" copied something for our benefit. Now we think he had better "silence" because he never flavored his Michigan news with poetry until we began using it in our Indiana notes.

"We, Us & Company" wishes us to give them our real name, so they can get possession of our scalp, now we have a pretty name and we ain't going to give it away—he don't have to—and he wants his scalp his self.

Society here is in one polished horde,  
Composed of two powerful tribes—  
The bora and bora.

Yes, Amos of Springfield, we know full well what year this is. "Deaf and Dumb Girl" may propose to all (?) of us if she wishes. It won't frighten us any to speak of. She's a darling, she's a daisy, she's a dumpling, she's a lamb!

"Geraldine" says "she imagines it must be awful nice." Eh! mi lad, we're most afraid of you! you can be said—

"I never gave a kiss," says Peto.  
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."  
She would not give a kiss to a man.  
She'll take one, though, and thank you for it.

Etta Loman has consumption, and will soon lie mouldering 'neath the sod.

"Sly" writes as though he had met and been presented to all of us. We don't recollect of ever having the pleasure of meeting said individual. Our memory, we think, was not constructed on the principal—O, excuse us—principle—of a rat-trap—i.e., in gross easy, egress not provided for. He is halfway right in regard to the "captures." We are a sensible set, and know that pretty fellows are N. G.

We will be at the Cin. Con., provided "We, Us and Co." do not deprive us of our scalp.

### TO ONE AND ALL.

"With woman's form and woman's tricks  
So much of man I seem to meet;  
One knows not where to take me;  
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,  
Go, ask of Nature which one are,  
Or what she meant to make me.

"Yet stay—your need not take the pains,  
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains,  
For man or maid desiring,  
As boy too green, as girl too stale,  
The thing's not worth inquiring."  
May, 10.

MINORS.  
Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL. Only \$1.50 a year.

### Philadelphia "Paragraphs" and Reply to "Independent" by Hieronymus, alias Hieronyma and Honeyanyway.

Mr. Eakins, an intelligent semi-mute of Shoemakersville, Pa., who runs the business of a tailor on his own "hooks," was recently in town to see whether he could not bring his business over to the city.

Miss Stuart, of Washington, Delaware, who was at the Institution, recently, to help drive away the measles, has gone home. She did not take any with her, 'cause she helped to "clear" them "out" so completely that when it came her turn to "clear out" she did not find any to steal.

It is said that Supt. Hallowell of the Institution has tendered his resignation to take effect at the close of the school term.

Last Thursday evening the Clero Literary Association had a debate on whether women should receive the same wages as men. The affirmative side won. Two ladies and three gentlemen were appointed by lot to act as judges and the writer did the business of a critic—ahem!—just like him!

The Clero Literary Association will give its Fourth Annual Picnic at Lakeside Park on July 2d next. Lake—splendid; we've seen it. Tickets out—50 cents—cheap! "Come one, come all"—and fish. Not necessary to consider whether your "mental" bait is of such a "quality and quantity" as to suit the tastes of "One of Em College Boys"—put that off till next time. All Pennsylvania deaf-mutes desiring to attend will do well to send immediately the necessary cash, for tickets. Write to our "dear President, Vice-President and Sec'y" of the Association.

It is said that the girls at the Institution are dying to know why the recipient of that corn pudding letter—our "Boasting" friend, we mean—concluded to "pull up his stakes" at Kendall Green, and go north. Of course, Harry, you will take the hint and not let them die.

We learn that the girls at the Inst. wear vests! Well:

We like to sing,  
"Pull down your vest,"  
(We've no col-queen)  
"Wipe off your chin!"  
O, 'tis a sin,  
To tell the "rest."

We recently 'spied, with the naked eye, a party of ladies and gentlemen at the Institution play "croquettes"—croquet we mean—right under the shadows cast by a waning boomerang! We are not jealous because we received an "invite," as "Mignon" says, but declined it.

Mr. Hoopes, a bright deaf-mute of Chester, Pa., a tailor by trade, is in town trying to post himself into a situation. We think he has the ability to succeed, as he is a good hand at his business. Mr. Hoopes is scarcely out of his teens, but so far as relatives are concerned he is in every sense an orphan. His only brother, recently surviving, met with a sad accident last fall by being thrown on his head from a wagon. The accident resulted in his death recently, after much suffering, and has left Mr. Hoopes entirely without any connections. The young gentleman has our deepest sympathy. Mr. Hoopes brings a bit of news relative to Mr. Wm. T. Seal, an intelligent semi-mute, and an old friend of ours, of Delaware Co. Mr. Seal, we learn, has invented a new kind of beehive of which he has more than a hundred in practical use. We also understand he intends to increase the number ten fold as soon as possible, and from personal knowledge of Mr. Seal, we are sure that he will arrive at his destination, if he keeps on in this "bee line". A straight line is the shortest, and therefore the soonest, if not always the easiest, path between two points, you know. To all interested young ladies, we say, "stand back ladies; Hieronymus alias Honeyanyway and Mr. Seal are old friends yet, wait till we've done; now, 'one at a time, if you please."

Just here we desire to inform the young lady whose beautiful monogram ravelled into M. G. D., and who has assumed the profession of an "Independent" doctor of physic, that we perceived, or else we mistook, that some of her "sugared pills" came in our direction; they were sent in a very delicate way. But they were so small and sweet, oh! that we really thought it a pity to swallow them all at once, so we tasted a very few, and then found out they were more like pellets—they may have been pills, for all we know, with more than their due proportion of sugar on top—and all stuck in any amount of grubbly jelly, but as to their containing anything like gall, asafetida, quinine or anything else of that sort—confound that party! why our taste—excuse it—was so much impaired by the delicacies of that party that we only perceived a very slight nauseating of those drugs. We were pretty sure those pellets, or "sugared pills," as you may call them—had so much sugar in them that we concluded they had not yet begun to germinate; so we thought it best to plant them somewhere, which we did, and are now giving them plenty of nourishment, by a patent, triple reflecting mirror of the steel kind of our own invention, we hope to supply them with enough light. By and by when we have raised a good crop of urine pills—(of the boss variety)—and when great emergency attends you, Miss "Independent" Doctor, we may coat them with as much sugar as you may prescribe, pack them up neatly in a cedar barrel, (so as to keep out the insects) and to every pill send you two quarts of our honey (or if you prefer, of the kind raised by our friend, Mr. Seal, down in Delaware Co.) so to be sure you will have a real, nice merry-go-round with them.

We have felt so wonderfully perplexed just because you ask; Let us not again be moved by the "spirit of party" and because the members of the Y. L. L. S. were so liberal with their beautiful smiles—(you made a very first rate guess this time, 'pon my word, you did)—and are so grateful with thanks for our efforts in their behalf. Well we don't know anything about this yet, but "guess" you are right again. We've been thinking about paying those ladies our "thanks" so as to make it even, but it's so hard to get a peep at them, you know; and you know it's much harder to see yourself. But, say, let us not again be moved by the "spirit of party." But what party? Of course "Independent" does not mean party spirit; we don't believe she will take to the stump or Dr. Mary Walker's breeches, if she thinks it absolutely necessary to define explicitly her, woman's rights. Does "Independent" then hint that we have gone against the members of the Y. L. L. S. to which she does not belong? Or does she hint that we should not have more parties because we received an invitation to the party, which we graciously accepted but felt much disappointed in not seeing her there—a party in which alluring "French cookery" and Cupid alternately play "monarch" "over all" they "survey,"—a party in which "an everlasting crowd of our most charming and enraptured dandies" went raving mad 'cause there was not another basble present like herself—a party in which "Independent" has not an opportunity to display her new Spring "dress" "of the most original and brilliant character" "of the style known as Queen Anne toilette."

It was awful bad the doctor had to stay outside and assume the role of prime minister of her pen-and-ink; and it is too bad that this Independent dispenser of physic, was prescribing her "sugared pills" while the ice cream was making a sweet but arctic region of our internal quarters; and the jelly cake, thanks to Miss E—, and the jelly cake helped to temperate that region and make it still more fragrant, and the "prodigious smacks," at which the doctor so intelligently hinted, poured nectar down the souls of all but hers—Why?—'cause they say she wasn't present!—What a shame!

We like to be clear, but considering Doctor "Independent's" distinguished way of referring in French to that "memento" of the occasion, we hope the readers of our letter will excuse us for attempting to speak to her privately and in her "own coin."

Mademoiselle, nous n'avons pas fait; nous mangions beaucoup des viandes crousses comme un ogre; mais avez vous fait, ma chere amie? Maintenant laissons nous devenir amis encore; donnez nous la main droit sur la breche sanglante, et comme nous avons "le coeur sur les levres," donnez nous les levres, s'il vous plait. Jokingly yours; or yours in a "joke,"  
HIERONYMUS.

PHILA, May 15, 1880.

### Cincinnati and Vicinity.

We have a picnic boom this summer, three already announced and more to be heard from. The picnic will be the Fifth Grand Annual Picnic at Bellevue House, on Monday, July 12th, under the management of the same committee with the exception of two, Messrs. McGregor, Runkel, Byrne, Thines, Kelly, Alfred, Woods, and Hoagland. Many mutes in Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana, have expressed their determination to be present at this fifth annual popular gathering of the Ohio Valley. Go to the picnic and you will get solid enjoyment and the worth of your investment.

John Kotz, an uneducated German man, aged forty years, and employed as a waiter in a billiard saloon in Covington, Ky., was beaten nearly to death, Tuesday night, with a billiard cue by a speaking man named Morrissey, for a trifling cause. Morrissey, after the assault, escaped over the moor, but was afterward captured and brought over and lodged in jail. I hope he will be punished heavily by the Police Judge. Lotz is a quiet and good natured man and popular among the Germans, who were very indignant with Morrissey's dastardly attack on him.

Prof. Dudley, Supt. of the Kentucky School, and Mr. John H. Yeager, one of the teachers at the same Institution, spent Wednesday in Cincinnati on business. However, they found time to come over and pay a visit to two of the oldest pupils of the Kentucky Institution; the parents of the writer. Mr. Dudley left that night for Maryland to visit the institution at Frederick's town (or burg) and thence to Washington, New York and other Eastern Institutions. Mr. Dudley takes great interest in the welfare of the deaf, and he wants to introduce the best methods of teaching into his school. He is the right man in the right place. Mr. Yeager bought a new printing press, and after other visits to his old schoolmates, left for home. Mr. David Atkinson, a mute of Indianapolis, formerly foreman of the shoe department among the MacIntire regime, came to Cincinnati on an excursion. After visiting, the "300" and other places of interest and visiting his old pupil, in the shoe shop, W. J. Blount, he returned home, highly pleased with his visit.

John Kinsiear, a stalwart farmer, of Grant county, Ky., after planting his corn, concluded to take a recreation by coming to pay a visit to his schoolmates last Wednesday. Robert Hughes, another farmer, from Flemingsburg, La., was in this city last week, and was the guest of Mr. Leo Rahn.

I clipped the following item from the Cincinnati Enquirer of last Sunday, under the head of Hamilton, Ohio:

CUPID'S VICTIMS.—"Rather a novel marriage took place yesterday, the parties being J. M. T. Davis and Martia Louisa Uberschlag, both being mutes, the groom being from Cincinnati and the bride from Bellevue, Ky., the ceremony being performed by Esquire Stephenson, at his office, corner of Third and Basin streets, John Riley, Byron Brant and John Slayback having witnessed the ceremony. The bride and groom took their departure on the evening train for Cincinnati."

Miss U. was educated at Columbus, and engaged in cigar making since she left school.

The reported drowning of Mr. Thos. P. Dorsey, of Flemingsburg, Ky., proved happily to be a canard. He is still in the land of the living.

May 13, 1880. MERCURY.

### Salmagundi or Flotsam et Jostam.

Laura Ream, the popular female lecturer and Cin. Enquirer correspondent arrived in Missouri in the nick of time to be cyclized by the late cyclone of that place. She has been quite unfortunate of late, firstly, she was cyclized of all her earthly possessions, secondly cyclized of her anticipated audience and thirdly of her appointed place. Long engagements are not good, there being ample opportunity for mischief to creep in and do havoc at leisure.

Prof. P. A. Emery is the Superintendent of the Deaf-Mute Day Schools, in Chicago. He looks after the interests of the Schools during the day and then has his mind centred upon his chart—"Order of Creation"—till late at night.

Mr. E. graduated at the Indiana Institution. He was one of Prof. Willard's pupils, and it is said he was an uncommonly bright boy. He will remember how and when and where he learned the real meaning of the following words:—Celestial and Terrestrial. Where, how and when did you learn them, Mr. E.?

Why don't the Ohio Base Ball Club send a challenge to the Hoosiers, after they find the New Yorkers "so soon done for"? If they think they are not "so soon done for," they might think "and wonder what we (Hoosiers) were begun for." For we were begun for something more than walking away with our opponents 33 to 8. They may delegate a John Breen of their own to reconnoitre the club before they engage to come if they like.

What say you, Buckeyes? We have a Nolo-pitcher and a David-hitter and a Robert-King-catcher, and all and every one makes home-runs often enough to walk away with any club 100 to 0.

Thomas Hoggarth is still in Indianapolis. He is a deaf-mute strolling-actor and hails from the Sunny South.

He kindly gave the pupils an exhibition of his wonderful tricks. It was a sweet treat, "sweeter than stolen or smuggled honey." He expects to be in Cincinnati soon, where he will organize a troupe. He had his pockets full of papers and printed circulars which prove that he is the best mute clown in America.

Those two barbarous merchants of whom I left off in my last for want of space; dragged the dervish into court and gave him to the cadi, where on the strictest search nothing could be found against him; nor could any evidence be produced to prove him guilty either of falsehood or theft. Then the merchants proceeded against him as a socrer, when the dervish with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for you to think that I have been deceiving you; but I have lived long and alone; and have found ample room for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no marks of any human footsteps on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had dropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression one foot had made upon the sand. I also concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on its side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other. The dervish had sufficient proof to present to the court.

Were the public to proceed against Barum, what evidence could he produce to prove the truth of his statement?

The National Convention is to meet at Cincinnati on the 25th of Aug. A little too abrupt. Those two idiots who voted for it to be at Cincinnati in August, have at last learned to know what it is, and say they will go providing their lives are spared and their papas consent to it.

Who cares to read the Mirror after it has lost its "Pond," which kept it from going dry? A pond don't stay when not kept supplied liberally, and the place becomes dry and uninteresting to everybody.

If "Sly" is as sly, as she is sly, she could make the place of a "Pond" more interesting if she would devote more of her time to other things than her "Mike."

Charles says Mr. Grow is pantomimic in his delivery but does not put Mr. Vail in the shade. Such comparisons are out of place now for gentlemen and ladies to make when they are mingling in society of high rank like

that in which Charley is now basking. The "Practical Teacher," by P. A. Emery, has nothing new in it to the Indiana teachers. The system was introduced into the Indiana Institution in 1864. It has proved to be the most successful system. There is no Institution in this country with better regulations than those of this. The pupils are in school fully five hours, and at work three full hours, and then there is ample time for recreation.

At the time of writing this (May 9.) Old Aeolus is letting out his bag of H. O., and the paraded earth has her month wide open to catch every possible particle. Butter has hitherto been dear. Old Aeolus seems this time determined to help the laborers reduce the prices in Oilymargarine.

This school term closes on the third Wednesday, instead of the last, in June. So the college boys will get here to see the commencement exercises.

The present gardener alone can do more real good work in a single day than any of his predecessors ever did in a whole round year, with cooperation of a score of boys.

I always thought the blue-birds and robins merely made a merry noise to express their happiness of the coming of the spring. Sly must have false ears—I mean artificial ears—or she caught those harsh notes (not sweet songs) by means of the audiphone—that much talked of humbug of the present century.

Clara Dinsmore is married now. She has our best wishes for a successful prosperous and happy life. She has two or three children who will soon learn to call her mamma. Too early. Most too early for a mother! But it is much better than being an old maid with no one to care for love and help to bear the "lonesomeness" of life to its goal.

Mignon must be a bugbear to those college chaps who have resolved not to attend the National Convention next August. Unless she attends.

I argue with "West" as to the location of the National Convention. The Eastern and Middle States are small in size and the mutes can well afford travel over a number of small tracts of country. Indianapolis is the hub of the country and it has more railroads than any state in the Union and perhaps the world too, and only one depot for all to come in and go out. The Convention of the teachers of all the Institutions was larger than any one previous to it. Hence the National Convention would be largely attended for the first time if held at Indianapolis. But if it is not to be held at the most convenient place for travel (which is Indianapolis) I would rather have it at Hartford, Conn., or no place else. The light that shone through the mind of the first deaf-mute in this country was at Hartford. For that reason Hartford has every reason to claim the right of the first National Convention. What say you Emery? What is your best reason or reasons for holding it at Cincinnati? Why not try to have it in your city? Are you afraid it would be too much for you to do? Do you want it out of the way so your antagonist cannot be present as you have something to say that you do not want them to see you say it? Tell us all, we have all ears to hear and all curiosity to know?

HEN QUILL.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The event of the week was the Annual Exhibition of the pupils, which occurred on Thursday, May 13th, and was given in the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York City, before a very large and likewise appreciative audience.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon of the day mentioned, some one hundred or thereabouts of the pupils, accompanied by the Principal, Superintendent and Teachers, repaired to the Tabernacle, by way of the Elevated R. R. They arrived safely at their destination before the time set apart for the commencement of the exercises, which was 3:30 p.m.

The exercises were to have been opened by the President of the Board of Directors, Rev. Dr. Adams, but the reverend gentleman named, being unavoidably absent, his place was taken by Mr. Brooks.

After the opening prayer, he gave a succinct yet comprehensive statement of the standing and the work carried on by the Institution, and at the conclusion of his remarks he introduced Dr. Peet, our beloved Principal, who carried out the following programme:

1. Illustration of elementary instruction with a class of beginners.
2. Intermediate steps with pupils of the third year.
3. Impromptu compositions and answers to questions with the Class of Highest advancement.
4. Methods employed in teaching the deaf, dumb and blind, with three blind deaf-mutes.
5. Articulation and lip-reading.
6. The sign-language in its different forms as used in pantomime representations, conversation, recitation of poetry, and concerted renderings. Among the poems recited will be The Mute Mother and Waterloo.

V.—Benediction.

The audience, was extraordinarily large and select, and completely filled the sacred edifice, and evidently seemed to be composed of people who entertain a profound interest in the work of educating the deaf and dumb. They were not only amazed at the wonders of the exhibition itself, but as may be expected more so to find the silent and speechless on almost an equal footing, in respect to mental attainments, with their more favored hearing and speaking brethren. The exercises were of an entirely satisfactory character, and elicited frequent and prolonged applause. The sign-making was especially fine, and perhaps was the most appreciated by the audience. Too much credit cannot be given to those who participated. The exercises were closed at half past

five p.m., with the Lord's Prayer and Doxology, rendered in signs by the bright and intelligent little girls of Miss Montgomery's class. After this the pupils started for home and arrived there safely at about six p.m.

There was an interesting discussion on Wednesday evening, in the High Class office, between two members, the subject being the financial and commercial prosperity of our own country and that of England. The disputants were Hathaway and Dundon, and towards the close of their arguments; they received a recruit in the person of Mann. The former held that America was in the ascendant in this respect, and enjoyed more national prosperity, financially and commercially than her mother country, and was likewise her superior in all kinds of industries excepting that of ship building. Her foreign commerce was greatly in excess of that of England, and rapidly increasing both in its sway and its importance, and the balance largely in her favor. This was likewise upheld by Mann, and Johnny Dundon, the supporter of England, who had to battle with such tough arguments and many others much tougher hurled at him, looked agitated as he sat straddling his desk. They were too much for him. He could only return a few random shots which easily slipped off the mailed coats of his adversaries.

The second division of the High Class, accompanied by Prof. Weston Jenkins, spent the afternoon of Friday at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Central Park. The list of those who went are here given, viz: Misses Bryan, Shute, Felver, Gallagher and Weyant, and Messrs. Hathaway, Donnelly, O'Brien, Mann, Palmer, Nash, Porter, Carmichael and Stewart. The Elevated R. R. took the party, which was a very gay one, the gentlemen being decorated out in their new Spring attire, and the ladies still more resplendent in fine millinery, to 81st Street and 9th Avenue. From there they strolled through the park to the Museum, which is located at Fifth Avenue and 79th Street.

Arrived at the museum, the party, commencing on the main floor, proceeded to take an inventory of their surroundings. This floor is principally devoted to Sculpture, and the Cesnola Collection of pottery and of bronze, gold and silver ornaments, taken from tombs in Cyprus. Numerous other interesting objects, such as arms and armor, old books with each page exquisitely illuminated, and many more too numerous to mention occupy this floor. The party then went to the second floor, which includes the gallery which overlooks the main floor. On this upper floor are the Galleries of Paintings, and a part of the Cesnola Collection—the finest part. There are two galleries on the east side filled with very beautiful and costly oil paintings, the work of celebrated artists from all parts of the world, and on the west side is situated two other galleries likewise adorned. The passage between the east and west galleries, is the gallery which overlooks the main hall. This is hung with choice specimens of old tapestry finely worked and representing various subjects in history.

We have not the leisure nor the space to go into a full description of the sights to be seen at the museum. They will amply repay all trouble that may be had to see them. The party were delighted and as most every object was fully described by the Professor, who is an ardent lover of Art, they retired with their heads well stocked with interesting and instructive information. They returned by the way they had come; and arrived at the Institution at about a quarter to six p.m. Before Prof. Jenkins bade them farewell he was tendered a vote of thanks. This visit will always be a source of pleasing remembrances to the High Class, and mere recollection causes them to regret they had not more leisure at their command at the first visit. The other division of the class will visit the museum sometime during the coming week.

A few of the students of the class are talking about accepting the invitation to visit the Academy of Design on Monday evening next. There is a prominent and steadily increasing appreciation for the beautiful art that has been making its influence felt of late. The right study of art refines the nature, improves our tastes and perceptive faculties, to such perfection that we are enabled to detect beauties in works of art that escape the common eye, and besides it makes life more bearable and refines our intellects and is an ever increasing source of enjoyment and of the best kind.

GOOSE QUILL.

FAXWOOD, May 14, 1880.

If you can't run fast enough to be one of the winners at the last you can at least run wisely enough to keep out of people's way.

### REV. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cave Spring, Ga.,	May	5th
Atlanta, Ga.,	"	9th
Athens, Ga.,	"	11th
Spartansburg, S. C.,	"	13th
Raleigh, N. C.,	"	16th
Petersburg, Va., (Council)	"	19th

Rev. Job Turner, (deaf-mute) of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Virginia, under the auspices of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," will visit, D. V., the following places for the purpose of holding Divine Services, which will be of interest to deaf-mutes as well as others.

The great object of the Mission is to afford religious instruction to the deaf and dumb, and to awaken a greater interest in their spiritual welfare.



## The "New Departure."

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The article, recently published at the head of your worthy paper—Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes—will not, of course, fail to attract the attention of all who are sincerely interested in the general welfare of the deaf and dumb. It is above doubt that the Board of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes do take the general welfare of this singular people as their eminent task and are willing to spare an effort to promote their moral and physical welfare.

But I think it will be good to say on this important departure a few words, and to the end to make the activity of the Board of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes a more successful and blessed one, even if my suggestions should prove of little importance.

What all the Board have resolved upon in their last sitting, they have led on the right way, but they seem to underestimate the importance of the question how the graduates of an institution shall or can support themselves efficiently after leaving school. They are led by the belief that the pupils should be taught to appreciate the honorable being of a man, who after leaving school strives manfully energetically to support himself forever, and abhors the idea of becoming in any way a pensioner of the State.

How can a pupil support himself efficiently after leaving school? And how can it be immediately?

It is the question of questions. Some branches of industry connected with the institutions and there are but few of the numerous branches of industry as far as it concerns variety—will and can never suffice to help the pupils for their future self-support.

It is easily understood that any institution cannot establish all important trades, for want of money, room, and, above all of sure customers. They prove in the majority of cases to be scanty and quite insufficient, even if the institutions with all order and enough system established trades are very few. They look like toys brought up solely for the amusement of the pupils for the latter cannot be fully made to see through it to understand the earnest importance of their near future. Many of them when they have learned something of trades connected with the school, and naturally in a scanty manner, fancy for themselves a brilliant future and high wages, an exaggerated fancy that always characterizes the youth, but as soon as they enter the trades they have chosen to follow feel bitterly disappointed.

Thus they are left forever to a restless seeking of permanent employment, their lives become dreary ones, they will feel with bitterness how the long years of their good and careful education turns out to be forlorn or worthless; thus they must struggle a desperate struggle for naked life full of sorrows, till at last death redeems them of their earthly burdens. The highly estimated Principal of the New York Institution touched by the sufferings of the unemployed deaf-mutes, has offered a resolution that several and so many shops of trades shall be from time to time connected with the to-be-erected home for Aged and Infirm deaf-mutes. And this resolution is said to have been accepted by the trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes unanimously.

Yet, in my view, that resolution cannot help much to better the condition of unemployed deaf-mutes. Thereby I point to the fact that there are too many deaf-mutes who suffer for want of employment and subsistence and these sufferers cannot wait for a long series of years.

I am in favor of the creation of a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes that have become victims of the injuries endured in their respective trades, or are quite too disabled to support themselves by any further work, but, on the contrary, I am decidedly opposed to the plan to establish them with shops for unemployed deaf-mutes. The reasons thereof are many. Unemployed deaf-mutes, once taken therein, would be fed in their feelings of incompetence and fear to try again in the outside world for their self-support. Others of them would leave the shops over head and neck in discontent with the low wages. The shops to be connected with the Home will never master all important branches of industry, and even a few chosen and systematically led trades would not much do, and the end of all it will be very likely that they prove of no more usefulness than the shops already connected with the Institutions.

Now I rise to the point that deaf-mutes must be made useful members of society like their hearing brethren. I make the following suggestions that I hope they will gladly give their attention to if these prove to have any thing of practicability. Above all, the existing shops connected with the institutions shall be abolished, and for them shall be founded a society that has the task to instruct thoroughly the graduates in the trades they have chosen to follow. The president of that society, that I would call the Society for the thorough instruction of deaf-mute graduates in the trades, ought to be the principal himself. The society would have to get formal subscriptions of trustworthy business men, whereby they are bound to take one or more graduates and instruct them thoroughly in the respective trades. The contract shall be that the graduate is bound to demand no wages while learning his profession, except that his employer will deem it right to give him some wages. The learning graduate is called apprentice, and must return after the full brought day-work to the institution to board there. The exist-

ing shops shall be changed to boarding houses for graduating apprentices and stand, of course, under the control of principals and teachers. The time of learning a trade shall be generally two to three years and shall not exceed four years. The officers of the society have the duty to get insight of the advancement their beneficiaries make in their respective trades every month or every few months, and to give exact reports thereof in their sittings. The business and industry men who are willing to subscribe for the society, can only be called honorary members of the society and do not want to pay any money for it. They will surely be led by the benevolent feeling toward the little tender deaf-mutes and will gladly care for their thorough instruction in the trades and provided the latter demand not much wages. Their wages may be increased from time to time even if they should be very low. The graduating apprentices shall not mind about their wages at all, but they have always the right to demand the strict compliance to the contracts that are clearly understood to instruct them thoroughly for an appointed time in the trades. If the graduating apprentice should get some wages, they ought to give all the money to the society for saving. It may be in order, that the society will be induced to erect to their best advantage bank. Besides, the society must dispose of some money, in order to give the graduating apprentice the tools they are in need of.

If one of these graduates does leave his place and refuses to learn any trade, he can be declared to forfeit all benefits of the society and also be refused any boarding in the Institution. If a graduate does not make considerable advancement in his profession from any fault of his employer, he shall be taken away after the officer of the society has made a vain demonstration about the matter, and then given to another faithful employer for further instruction.

It would do well for both sides that the employers are allowed to have not more than three months for the trial of an apprentice before they will enter into a formal contract.

After the graduate has learned his profession properly, he ceases to board at the Institution, and has to leave it forever to support himself. On the moment of leaving school, he has some savings to his disposition and can then do what he will.

The graduating apprentices may take my saying to heart, that if they undertake to endure the two or three years of contract then they will enjoy the great blessings of this short hard time for a long series of years to come.

All these suggestions I make are inspired by the two great sayings, that time is money, and that young begin the old habituates himself. And is a fact not known, that recently loud complaints for want of skilled workmen, have risen all around among the industry men? The said society would enjoy a very popular name among the business men on account of their fruitful activity, and could be also applied to from many of the for skilled deaf-mute workmen. If every institution should found such a society they would be saved from many troubles they have to encounter with the shops already there. At the end I hope my words will not be unheard: Let us abolish the, in general, not-in-doing shops in the institutions, and found a society for the thorough instruction of the graduating deaf-mutes in the trades! Try the human work!

T. ROTTER.  
New York, May 9, 1880.

## A Wedding of Deaf-Mutes.

The marriage of Mark Butler and Vinnie Lindsey, deaf-mutes, at the Presbyterian church, last night at six o'clock, was perhaps one of the most remarkable ever occurring in the city. They were married by Rev. Chas. Little, the ceremony being performed in the presence of a large assemblage. Mr. Little is not master of the mite language, and was therefore compelled to resort to written questions. As the couple stood before the audience, hearing no words of the blessing asked for them, the heartfelt words of the minister touched a chord of sympathy in every breast, and a fervent amen swelled up from every heart. At the conclusion of the ceremony they received the congratulations of numerous friends, and the same evening took the cars for a short visit to the groom's mother at Pontiac, Mich.

The friends of each have faith to believe the marriage will be a blessing to the couple. The blind have the solace of conversation, music, etc., in the dark world they inhabit, but the deaf are alone in the midst of the multitude. The companionship of those who are equally unfortunate, is almost their entire communication with other minds. What is more natural, therefore, than that this couple shall literally constitute the "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." They are well matched in every respect, and have been long and intimately acquainted. May fortune smile benignly upon their path.—Ez.

FROM THE GERMAN:—"I once had a dog who could always tell rascals from honest men." B—"Well, what became of him?" A—"I had to give him away; he bit me."

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot strike you," says a Western paper. There is now no excuse for any one's being bitten by these serpents.

## LOUISVILLE LETTER.

"The long act of kindness,  
O, this to the loving one  
Is like the ray of Heaven,  
That beamed from the sun.  
It opens the heart's shut petals,  
And brightens all its flowers  
And rouses seed for blossoming  
In Heaven's waiting bowers."

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Doubtless some of the readers of the JOURNAL and friends of Mrs. Jacobs will be glad to learn of her whereabouts. She was brought to the Masonic home for the widows and orphans here a short time, after the death of her husband, John A. Jacobs, the Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. She has ever since been an inmate of the Home. Last winter, a year ago, a minister, of the M. E. Church, informed the mutes of the Bible Class where they would find her. Shortly after a teacher connected with the Home brought her to our bible-class. She visits the Sunday school occasionally, where she has an opportunity to see all of the mutes together. The ladies do not go to see her as often as is desirable, because the Home is situated out of the city limits. We have not seen her for months, until two Sundays ago, when she came to Sunday school, telling us that she was as long as out there, and also, that she had to part with her only daughter. One solitary family of this city has adopted her. She does not know whether she can keep the two boys of six, and one or two years old or not. The baby, the image of his father, she is determined to keep at all hazards. The long strain of sorrow tells heavily on her. Her condition, however, is, and while she was engaged conversing with a lady. The teacher told them, if they were willing to help her, and comfort her a little, to raise money enough to subscribe for the JOURNAL and the Letter. All agreed, and the Secretary, W. McAtee, handed round his hat, and collected the money for the papers. Some were her pupils, while she taught in the Kentucky Institution, during Mr. Jacobs' lifetime—namely, Alice Peters, Bertha Frank, Messrs. P. Dollar, and W. McAtee and others. The papers will, of course, be a pleasant surprise to her, and they will keep her much better posted on all the news that transpire among the mutes than we can.

MARGARET.  
LOUISVILLE, KY., May 12, 1880.

## Mississippi Letter.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—On Tuesday night of the 6th of April, St. Peter's Church was filled with the Oxford people and students of the University. When Rev. Turner made his appearance accompanied by Rev. Dr. Pickett, of Holly Springs, I could feel that the people's hearts were beating, and for them poured out. I never saw a church so quiet and a crowd so motionless, with glaring and staring eyes, before. Mr. Turner delivered an interesting sermon in signs so gracefully impressive. There were only three mutes that attended his services. While we were at Mrs. Florence Walton's house, Mr. Turner called on us twice, and we enjoyed his visits very much. He told us that he had written to the JOURNAL from Oxford, but I see it has not been published in your noble paper yet.

In the JOURNAL of 22d ult., I noticed an extract from the letter of that great talker, J. W. McA., giving his address, etc. I cannot see why he did so as he knew well that every one was aware where he was, but it seems that no one wanted to have any trouble in writing or answering his letters. He has written to the JOURNAL several times lately which I know were done in order that we might be forced to think about him. For the last two years he wrote us alternately against the will and order of our mother. At first we sent his letters back unopened, but it could not humiliate him. The last letters he wrote us were of March and April last. In the first one he stated Mr. Turner would be in Oxford on the 6th, April and requested us to be there, and said he would not come to Oxford owing to too much work, but in the JOURNAL he announced going to see Mr. Turner in Oxford but failed. Had Mr. McA. you know you could not dare to come to Oxford where you would see us; let me warn you in time that if you write again to either of us I will send you a geological letter to the JOURNAL and request the editor to publish it for the benefit of the silent readers. Perhaps that way will put a stop to your writing to us as you would not obey my mother's orders.

May 3, 1880.

## The P. B. Excursion.

MR. EDITOR.—On Ascension Day (or on the 6th of May), about four hundred persons, including four deaf-mutes, namely, C. Bentzel, Charles Lehr, J. A. Lehr and B. Lanina, accompanied by a band, started out from York at 8 o'clock in the morning, for Oresen, Glenn and Delta.

We took advantage of cheap fare and passed, many for the first time, over the French Bottom Railway (narrow gauge track) which meanders like a musical brook, between hills and over dales, through the most romantic scenery in York county. On our arrival at Delta in the forenoon, after nearly three hours' ride, we had an opportunity to visit the celebrated State quarries (for roofing use), upon a hill somewhat distant, and look down hundreds of feet into the rent bosom of the earth.

We all returned home safely and delighted with the trip, which down the P. B. R. W., to Delta, distance thirty-five miles, cost but forty cents, was full of interest. Concomitantly.  
Yonk, P. B., May 1, 1880

## THE EXHIBITION OF N. Y. INST.

The Anniversary Exhibition of the pupils of the New York Inst. for the Deaf and Dumb, took place yesterday afternoon in the Broadway Tabernacle, Broadway and 34 St. The church was filled to overflowing and many of the audience were deaf-mutes who were either graduates of the Institution, or other deaf-mute schools.

Erastus Brooks, Esq., occupied the chair, the Rev. W. Adams being unable to attend. The exercises were opened with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Berchard, followed by a speech from the President exemplifying the mode of instruction employed by the Inst. Following this came an examination of a class of beginners which was succeeded by a class of three years standing. The pupils of this class were required to write on the board the answers to their teachers' questions. They all did very well which reflected credit not only on themselves but also on their teachers.

The method of educating the deaf, dumb and blind, was exemplified by Dr. J. L. Peet, the Principal of the Inst. Jas. H. Caton, the best educated of the blind deaf-mutes at the Inst. was called up. It is a dreadful thing to be deaf, dumb and blind. Shut off from all sights and sounds of the world as he is, yet he seems to be happy and contented, and appreciate all that is being done for him. He is learning to work on the type-writer very rapidly, and it is hoped that this will be the means of his earning his daily bread.

Charles McCormick, the armless deaf-mute, is also learning to work on the type-writer. He strikes the keys with the stamp of his arm or a piece of wood. It is a wonder how he can make his school-mates understand him, since he has no arms. But there is a way opened to the unfortunate by him. Who would that they should be so afflicted.

Next came a class in Articulation and lip-reading, followed by the highest class in the Inst., under Prof. Jenkins. All did very well.

Miss Ella Dillingham, a highly accomplished young lady of the Inst., came upon the platform and rendered in signs the poems: The Mute Mother, dedicated to Mrs. J. L. Peet, and Waterloo. They were given in a beautiful manner, and throughout she was not in the least bashful as were so many of the pupils (boys) of the High Class. These as well as the poems recited by the little girls, were highly appreciated by the audience and called forth applause.

The prayers and speeches were interpreted by Dr. Peet for the deaf-mutes present.

Benediction, by the Rev. Dr. Bevan, brought the exercises to a close, after which a collection was taken up for the benefit of Jas. H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute, to purchase a new type-writer.

Ur EIDERSCKOL.  
New York, May 14, 1880.

## GEORGIA INSTITUTION.

DEAR SIR.—Please allow me to write you a few lines again. I will give you another incident to be published in your DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

All the pupils were very much delighted to see the Rev. Job Turner, who reached here last Wednesday morning. He looks much improved in health and also looks rather younger than he did last year. While here he preached two very eloquent sermons.

A match game of Base Ball was played yesterday afternoon between Cave Spring and Rome which resulted in a Victory for "Cave Spring" by a score of 29 to 3. Among the players were Professor S. M. Freeman and Master Joshua Bowen. The excitement was very high, as one of my friends said that he never witnessed so fine a game before.

All of the grass in the front lawn of the Georgia Institution has bowed to the will of the lawn mower, and the grounds are in beautiful condition. Some of the deaf-mute girls, every afternoon, find much pleasure in gambling on the "pretty" green. I wish you great success and prosperity.

JAMES FISHER.  
CAVE SPRING, May 8, 1880.

## Things We Don't Know.

Doubtless man is a very wise animal, but there are some things he does not know. A cloud of ten thousand gnats danced up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another heading on the grass or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amid your admiration of this wondrous dance, a peculiar, high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows. A flock of geese seem to be fairly under the horses' hoofs—and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree to drink, stop several times on the way, listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of an ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves should be black, or negro ants? No one knows. Many birds seem to understand how to judge danger and how to avoid it, but man cannot understand how or why they know it, and never will.

## The Press and the Plow.

We envy not the princely man,  
In city or in town,  
Who wonders whether pumpkin vines  
Turn up the head or down.  
We care not for his marbled halls,  
Nor yet his heaps of gold.  
We would not own his sordid hoard  
For all his wealth twice told.

We are the favored ones of earth,  
We breathe pure air each morn,  
We sow, we reap the golden grain,  
We gather in the corn.  
We toil—we live on what we earn.  
And more than this we do.  
We hear of starving millions round,  
And gladly feed them too.

The lawyer lives on princely fees,  
Yet drags a weary life,  
He never knows a peaceful hour,  
His atmosphere is strife.  
A merchant thinks his pocket o'er,  
Grows haggard at his toll,  
How not the man God meant him for?  
Why don't he kill the soil?

The doctor plods through storm and rain,  
Finds at his patient's will:  
Wounded and gone, he plods again,  
To cure his lengthy bill.  
The printer—bless his noble soul!  
He grasps the mighty ether,  
And stamps it on our daily sheet,  
To cheer the laborer's hearth.

We sing the hymns of the Plow,  
And honor to the Press we give,  
Two noble instruments of toil,  
Each with a power to bless.  
The plow, the sower of this best age,  
True wealth of human kind;  
One tills the ever-fertile earth,  
The other tills the mind.

## MRS. BRIGGS' CLERK.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up to his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim, and when she first saw him he was eating a crust out of a gutter.

She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough herself, heaven knew; but, said she, he looked a little better than Tom might if he had grown up and had been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him:

"Come here Sonny," she said; and the boy came.

Before she could speak again, he said; "I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything, I didn't do it." "And so mean."

"Didn't do what?" said the pleasant old woman.

"Break your window," said the boy, nodding his head toward a shattered pane.

"Why, I broke that myself with my shutter last night," said the old woman. "I'm not strong enough to lift 'em, that's the fact, I'm getting old."

"If I'm around here when you shut up, I'll come and do it for you," said the boy. "I'd just as soon. What I was that you wanted me for?"

"I wanted to know what you were eating that dry crust out of the gutter for," was the reply.

"Hungry," said he. "I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there after it gets too dark for a policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper, if it is a little dirty."

"I'll give you some that's cleaner," said the old woman.

"That will be begging," said he. "No," said she, "you can sweep the shop and the pavement, and put up the shutters for it."

"Very well," said he. "Thankee then. If I sweep up first I'll feel better."

Accordingly he brought him a broom, and he did his work well. Afterward he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept not in the area but under the old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was twelve years old, and his father whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for life.

The antecedents were not elevating, but the boy seem good. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for a small establishment. The terms were simple—his "living and a bed under the counter."

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy whom no one knew. Did Mrs. Briggs, really wish to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business by introducing candies, dates on sticks, and chewing gum. Pennies came in as they never came in before since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effects that the real old molasses candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for peanuts.

And in the evening, after the shop was shut up, she began to take him into her confidence. Her great dream was to buy herself into a home for the aged. It would cost her a hundred dollars. She was saving for it. She had saved three years and had fifteen of it. But it cost too much to live, with tea twenty-five a quarter, and loaves so small, and she had been sick, and there was the doctor, and Mrs. Jones' Mary Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop. After this Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them as though he had brought a blessing.

One night in the spring they took the bag from under the pillow and counted what it held. It was thirty dollars.

"And I'll begin to make kites tomorrow," Mrs. Briggs said the boy, and you'll see the custom that it will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend all his money for 'em, and then he'll coax his mother for more to buy the stick dates and chewing gum. "I know boys."

"You're a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it was when it picked the crusts from the gutter, and he wore clean garments, though they were very coarse.

"How wrong the neighbors were," she said. "That boy is the comfort of my life."

So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow and slept. Far in the night she awakened. The room was utterly dark there was not a ray of light—but she heard a step on the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that some one was leaning over her bed. Then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bag of money, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from the open door, and some confused noises.

Then she sprang to the door and hurried into the shop.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried. "Dick! Dick! help! I wake up, I'm robbed!"

But there was no answer; the door into the street was wide open, and by the moon-light that poured forth through it she saw, as she peered under the counter, that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone.

Gone! Gone! Oh! that was worse to Granny Briggs than even the loss of the money; for she had trusted him and he had abused her love. The neighbors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he robbed her.

When the dawn broke the wise neighbors came into Granny's shop to find her crying and wailing to and fro, and they told her they had told her so, and she only shook her head. The shop took care of itself that day. Life had lost its interest for her. "Occupation was gone," but not with her savings. Money was but money after all; he had come to be the only thing she loved, and Dick had robbed her.

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by the empty hearth. Good natured Mrs. Jones from up stairs was "seeing to things," and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs," he said.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, I am that wretched critter," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the policeman. "There's a boy there and some money."

"Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh I can't bear to look at him."

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her on her arm.

"The wretch!" she said. "I'm so glad he is caught. You'll get your money back."

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way, and cared nothing for the money. And soon they were at their destination. Then, and not before, the policeman turned to the two women.

"He's pretty bad," he said. "They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you are prepared for that. He's nearly beaten to death you know."

"Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?" said Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had that done for half the money. Let him go with it if it any comfort to him."

"I beat him," said the man. "Well women have the stupidest heads."

"Why, if I hadn't got up when I did, he'd have been dead. He held the bag of money tight, and the thief was pummeling him with a loaded stick; and the pluck he had for a little shaver—I tell you, I never saw the like."

"You shan't take granny's money from her," says he, and fought like a little tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it, for all I know."

"Oh, Dick! I know you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you," and then she wrung her hands and cried: "Oh Dick, for just a paltry bit of money."

And so she knelt beside the pale still face upon the pillow, and kissed it, and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspicions of him, whispered:

"I was so afraid he'd get off with it if he killed me granny, and you in high hopes last night."

He did not know what was meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near to death.

But Dick did not die. He got well at last, though Granny Briggs had her savings she never went to the Old Ladies Home; for long before she died Dick was one of the most prosperous merchants in the city, and a handsome home was here, and she was very happy in it.—The Methodist.

"Don't you believe it, Amanda. Love don't level all ranks, so that they disappear. The very first time you put titled better before your young husband he'll growl as he used to when he was a little boy, and his mother made his pants so that he couldn't tell whether he was going to or coming from school.—Yonkers Gazette.

A cow that was an innocent spectator came near being killed by one of the Philadelphia duellists, who came to Delaware to settle an unpleasantness. The fact is, when Philadelphia duellists are popping at each other there is no safety for any cow in the vicinity, unless she climbs a tree, or stands directly between the duellists.—Middletown Transcript.

In the race for precedence between metals, it is said that pig-lead. Another instance of rule Britannia. Will any one disputer right?—Yonkers Statesman.

## Bright Deaf and Dumb Students.

(New York Times.)

The Broadway Tabernacle has seldom held a larger audience than that which gathered there Thursday afternoon, May 13th, to attend the anniversary exhibition of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The Hon. Erastus Brooks, Vice-President of the Board of Directors, occupied the chair, and spoke briefly of the benefits of an institution such as that with which he was connected. Two enjoyable hours were then spent by Principal Isaac Lewis Peet and a large number of his pupils in an exceedingly interesting exhibition of the manner of instructing deaf-mutes, and the progress made by pupils of the New York Institution. A class of beginners gave examples of how they are taught, and then some of the third-year pupils interpreted, in sign language, and in pantomime, charming little stories about various childish themes. With three deaf, dumb, and blind students, Prof. Peet showed the great difficulties of teaching such unfortunate had been successfully overcome. A class of little girls "sang" a hymn in the sign language, Prof. Peet acting as interpreter, and one of the young ladies of the advanced class recited a pathetic poem entitled "The Mute Mother." One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the writing by the advanced pupils of impromptu compositions on blackboards on topics suggested by the audience. One young lady was asked to write her opinion of the Whittaker case. She wrote that if what was alleged of the Cadets at West Point was true, it was an example of the most unchristian conduct. If, on the other hand, Cadet Whittaker injured himself in order to gain sympathy, still "we cannot help but sympathize with him, and place most of the blame upon those around him, who might at least have been courteous to him. We have some colored pupils at our institution," the composition went on, "but we do not, like the Hindu Brahmins, think it a pollution to treat them kindly." A recitation by signs of the Lord's Prayer followed, and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. L. D. Bevan.

## Wit and Wisdom.

LIVERY horses belong to the hire class of animals.

TANGLE-FOOT whisky is now being set on the counters labelled "13. 15. 14."

The little pupil should not study at night. Let him make A while the sun shines.

WHAT HAS been most needed this winter was a society for the growth and encouragement of ice.

WHEN a woman wants to be pretty, she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

MRS. GAINES is entirely recovering her health. She has started another suit against the city of New Orleans.

CATS probably enjoy nine lives from the fact that they observe the prime law of health in keeping their paws open.

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35th YEAR.

## THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN